

The SeSeR

750

Rene Harock



NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:

To all those seeking to find their own inward journeys. To those reaching inside themselves for new discoveries, experiences and the truth about themselves. To those people who live each day as if it were their last. God bless, and may you find your own discoveries beautiful along inward journeys.

Rene Hancock



About the

סֵפֶר

According to the Analytical Concordance to the Bible, the meaning of "sefer" or "sepher" is derived from the Hebrew, meaning "writing" or "book."

FALL 1982

Volume 1

Number 10

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The Sefer Literary Magazine
c/o Baptist College at Charleston
Charleston South Carolina 29411

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Renee' Hancock	Front Cover, 7, 16, 33, 19, Back Cover
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"Listen"

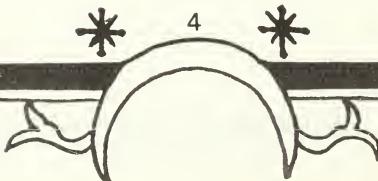
In the quiet, stillness of the night
One can listen to his heart.
With all the masks locked up tight,
It's gentle rhythms start.

Throughout the day confusion hides
The song it seeks to sing.
Though seldom heard it still abides
A constant, ever present ring.

So many voices call to you,
"Follow me, I'll see you through,"
But they really don't know what to do
They're only searching too.

As time slips by we all grow old,
And soon we'll hear no more.
The message that is being told
By God through our hearts door.

Jesse V. Wilson



LIFE IS A WHEEL IN SPIN

Life is a wheel in spin,
Turning from moments of sadness
To moments of truth,
Spinning into the future,
Forcing the past within.

Life is a wheel in spin,
Turning from moments of gladness
To moments of love,
Revolving into memories
Reviving the past again.

Kip Mobley

Our lives shall pass but once
Never ceasing in the constant
Sharing of love
And if you my friend are willing
To give this love
May it be to me, and mine to you
So that we may pass through this
Eternity
Heart to heart
Together
In love.

Danny Green

"Sea Wayfarer"

My place of peace
Of contemplating problems
To think of thoughts
In tranquility.

The ocean calls me
Its voice resounding
Telling me it's there
For all eternity.

I walk along the beach
My shoes getting soggy
Leaving a trail of afterthoughts
Soon to be washed away.

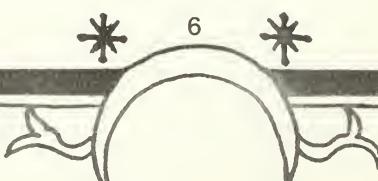
Cool, misty, foggy days
Their arms enveloping me
Refreshes, enlivens, tingles me,
Shrouds my every move.

Tides of thoughts and water
Both inundating my mind
Thoughts reveal my feelings,
Water reveals a sand dollar.

A pelican perched upon a stump
Sandpipers run in unison
Fiddler crabs move diagonally
To avoid the rushing tide.

The winds of late December
Flow through the misty air,
The seas oats dance a macabre
For me their only audience.

I sit upon a sand dune
Where life has piled high,
And view the open waters
With unobtrusive eyes.



They look upon my world of peace
To see it as it is--
The place I go to visit
To reveal my inner self.

I know it will always be there,
Like a loyal friend at heart,
To tell my troubles to, without,
A word of bad advice.

Knowing no harm within it
Or malice to hurt one's heart,
It cares for every one of us
It listens and never complains.

Phil Seagran



"Here I Am And All Alone"

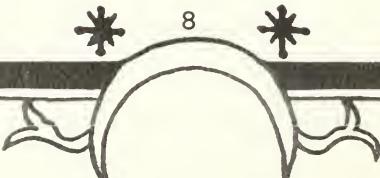
Here I am and all alone
There's thunder in the air.
With booming voice it echoes deep
The empty night's despair.

My heart, it seems, and oh, my soul
Is empty as the night,
And emptiness is welcome when
There is no love in sight.

Yes, here am I and all alone,
The rain is falling fast.
I hear each lonely drop strike earth,
It's first sound is its last.

And as each rain-tear falls to earth
And as the storm clouds cry
I ponder over this sinful world
And weep and wonder why.

Kip Mobley



MY THOUGHTS

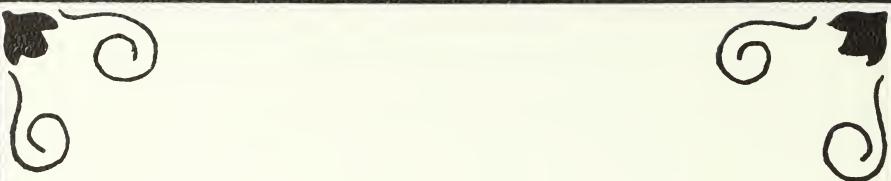
For what purpose was I born? I don't see.
To speak words that no one will listen to,
No matter how loud I shout them?
To throw up dates, and events
just as I recorded them, and be pronounced
a genius? To sit through school day after
day and be referred to as a "good child"?

To hear things that I shouldn't and then be
instructed to forget?

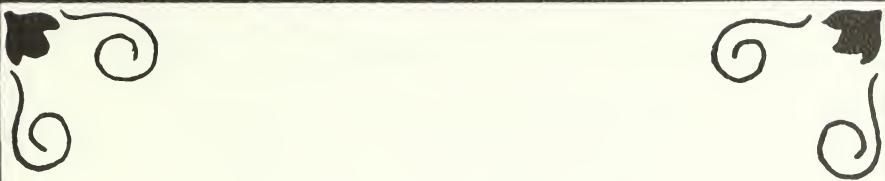
For what reason am I living? To see
men destroy each other, and we listen
to them preach Godliness and good-will?
To take things as they are and never question?
To live a clean life, only to rot away in your
grave? To have things your soul desires, prohibited?
To be told God is good, but disregard the fact
that the world-His so-called "creation"
is bad.

But these are thoughts I must
not think if I am to survive.

V.B.



Yes, my child
there are monsters.
They walk the streets
late at night-
never sleeping
always seeking
their own way.
They bear their young,
and birth them.
in small closed
surroundings--by
those unknown--
far away from
those beloved.
They kill and steal
from siblings poor,
and feed upon
those who exist
around them.
They are selfish
and arrogant;
but that isn't so.



Why, I can kill
one with my
own two hands!
They live in pain,
and most die
in pain;
while the others
only forget
They forget the
one cared for,
and find another
to take its place.
Yes, my child,
there are monsters.
How do I know?
because the
monster is
man.

Jo Lynn Fuller

MY LOVE IS GONE

My dearest love is off again
To ride the salty brine.
He sails from me at the break of day
As he has from time to time.

Oh, woe is me; Oh, woe is me.
My heart is broke this day.

In the early morn as the sun does break
I'll stand on the dock-by the rails
And wave goodbye to my one true love
As the ship lets out its sails.

Oh, woe is me; Oh, woe is me.
My heart is broke this day.

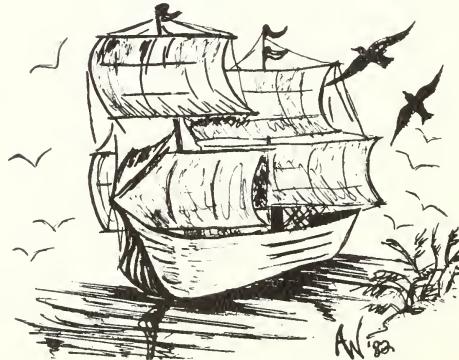
But now it's night and the fire burns low,
And my love is with me here.
For a few more hours I will feel secure
Knowing that my love is near.

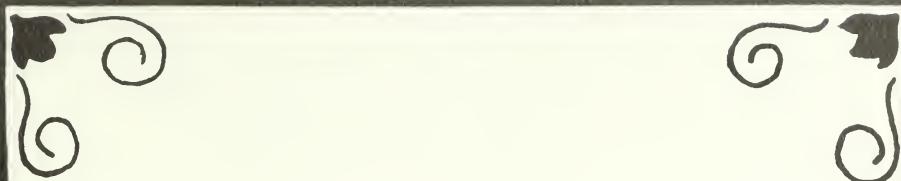
Oh, woe is me; Oh, woe is me.
My heart is broke this day.

And while he's gone I'll watch each day
For the ship that sails the sea
I'll count the hours as they pass
'Til my love comes home to me.

Oh, woe is me; Oh, woe is me.
My heart is broke this day.

Susan and Beth Worthy





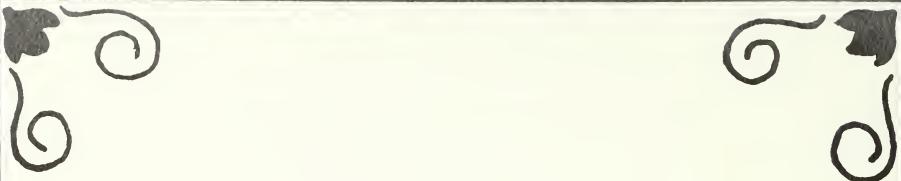
O' Cry no more ye virgin buds,
which wail away the morn.
And cry no more ye deadened foe,
you've cried since the day you were born.
So silence all ye burdened hearts,
too sad to win a smile.
And leave it be ye hardened souls
for maybe just a while.

Let sunshine melt away the cold
your heart did choose to hide in.
And let the shadow of your life,
find someone to confide in.

Your lonliness is but a farce
for which you sing your woe.
As life does see and death does hide
and darkness does not know.

O' Cry no more ye virgin buds,
which wail away the morn.
And cry no more ye deadened friend,
you've cried since the day you were born.

Jesse V. Wilson



"The Son of Two Mothers"

I sit and wonder now and then
What if I weren't?
A feeling of one, me, myself. . .
Thoughts no one can share.

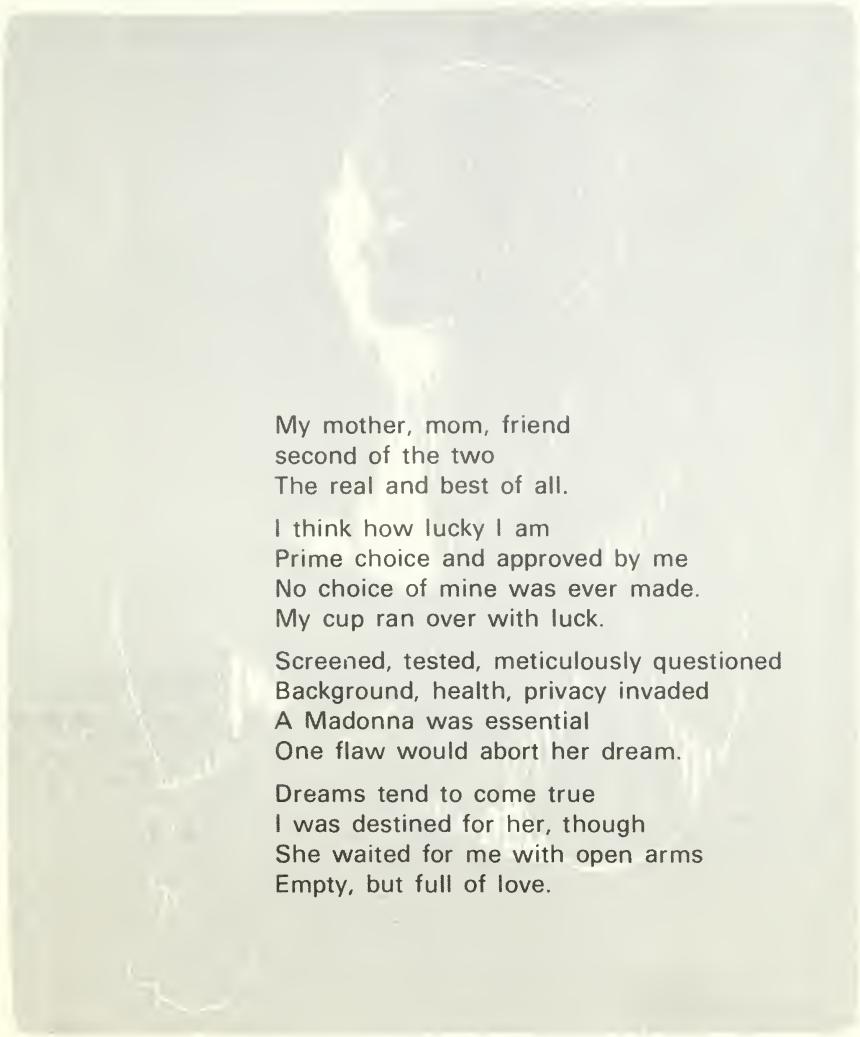
A wonder occurs occasionally
Her looks, name and age.
It comes and goes quite randomly
Interests, but does not possess.

A mother never seen.
Curiosity dances in my mind. . .
Ready to do the rhumba.

Her hobbies, interests, habits
Same, close, opposite?
Green eyes, blond, slender?
Blue, brown, stout?

Qualities and characteristics-
Unknown.

Our lives were once one
Interwoven one with the other
The great miracle birth is to blame
Though for good and not for evil.



My mother, mom, friend
second of the two
The real and best of all.

I think how lucky I am
Prime choice and approved by me
No choice of mine was ever made.
My cup ran over with luck.

Screened, tested, meticulously questioned
Background, health, privacy invaded
A Madonna was essential
One flaw would abort her dream.

Dreams tend to come true
I was destined for her, though
She waited for me with open arms
Empty, but full of love.



"A Meditation"

As time passes we increasingly fear the end, and that eternity is approaching with such velocity that the things we desire will soon be out of reach. This may be so, but God reminds us of still greater things than those which we now possess. Our mortal minds, at times, fail to encompass the beauty and splendor of an eternity which casts beyond death, and holds greater things. People throughout centuries have believed it to be so. And in this age of sophistication, could there ever be a better time for God to show His mercy on us and give us the intelligence to be a part of the beliefs that are centuries old?

Danny Green

ROSE AND BUTTERFLY

A beautiful butterfly
flew freely above a
field of roses
looking for
the one she chose
to keep company with.

After much consideration
she chose a beautiful rose
somewhat different
than the others.off to the side

They made friends and together they grew.

One day she asked him about the thorns
laying upon his stem
Failing to get a direct answer from him
she finally decided to find the answer elsewhere.

She was told to be very careful of
the thorns
as they were an evil part of the rose-
she could get hurt

She thanked them for their kindness and bid farewell. Of course-she knew her friend-her special friend would never hurt her, and she flew back to greet him.

Feeling pain she noticed a scar
had been inflicted upon her side
Frightened - she tried to free herself of her pain
when she realized
she could no longer fly
she would never fly. . .

You the Rose

Me the Butterfly...

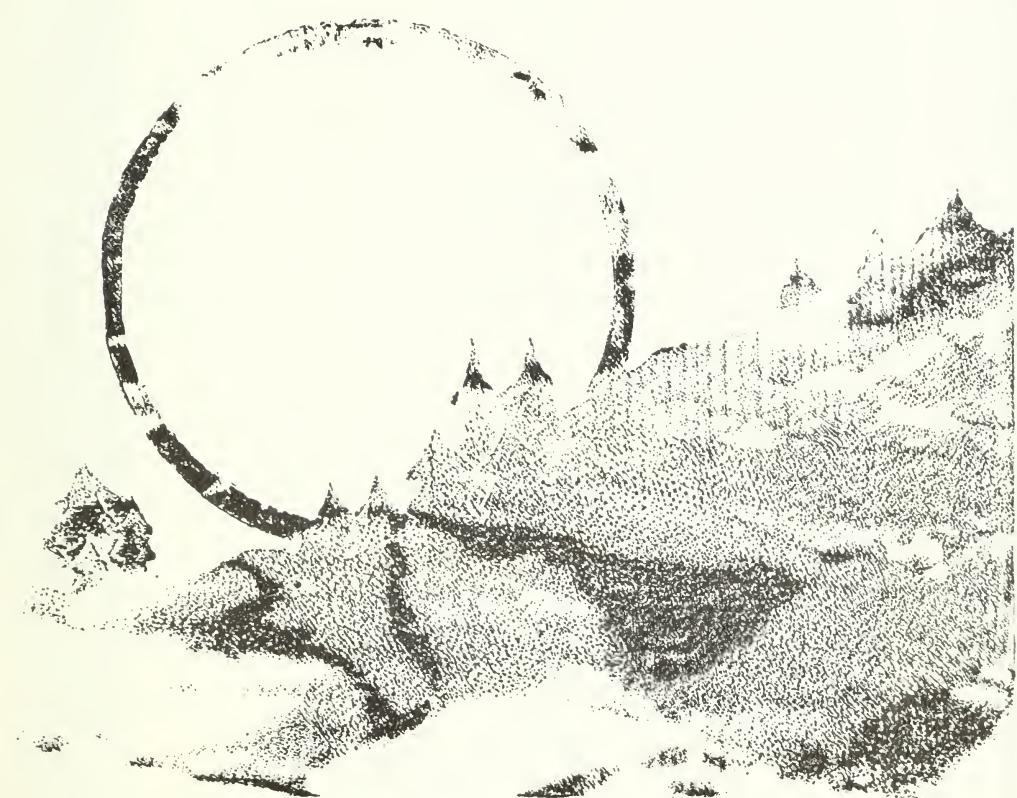
Karen Barrow

I am like a wilted flower,
Fading before those around me.
I have been left to die.
I am without nourishment.
My petals droop and fall.
My fragrance digresses to an ugly stench.
Love-taken away-has left me with nothing.
There is nothing left to live for.
The approach of death is the only thing I feel.

Deb E. Brittain

We were just sitting there,
When she looked at me
And said. . .
"One day,
You will grow up too."

Renee Sanders



Beni Hancock

LORD

Lord, in the quietness of this moment
I lift my heart to you
In hopes you will instill in me
The strength I need to see me through.

This day's been really rotten, Lord
As I'm sure that you can tell
I need the peace this world can't give
To get me through this earthly hell.

This pain I feel right now, Lord
Seems more than I can bear.
But I know if I put my trust in you
With me my burden you will share.

Be with the ones who hurt me Lord
And keep them in your loving care
Please take away my bitterness, Lord
This is my utmost prayer.

Walk with me and talk with me, Lord
As I live each day with you
Fill me with your peace and love
So to thee I can be true.

Karen Barrow



"Because of You, God"

Because of You I appreciate life and the things it has to give
I appreciate more the love of God, and the reasons why I live
Because of You I've matured in some ways and I hope that You
can see

How I've changed for You to show my love; how now that I am me
Because of You there is no sadness
My depressions changed to gladness
There's goodness, no more badness from my view
Because of You I'm feeling stronger
I'm pushing harder, even longer
My life won't be going wronger. . . because of You.

Because of You I'm learning new things, experiencing more.
I'm taking in new ideas and thoughts and letting my talents soar
Because of You I'm stretching my limits to reach for the stars
Even now I'm realizing how very special people are.

Because of You I speak my mind.

I now seek and even find
That I cannot fall behind from Your love that's so true
Because of You I'm feeling free again.

I never want my love for you to end
I'll always want You as my friend because of what You do,
Because of You, God.

Elijah Lydell Brown

Shore Batteries, Sullivans Island

Blackened and scarred, it seems an eyeless socket
ever staring seaward.

"Battery Thomsons" is
Visible still on the
Chipped and cracking
Concrete flanks.

Others, names more dim, crouch
Among rasping palmetto fronds
And wild myrtle thickets which
Shade the gentle curve of the
Island's quiet strand.

Now, guns long-scraped,
Empty emplacements gape
Like missing teeth in
The shore's sunny smile.

Rifles of awesome bore once berthed
In deeps of bastions which anchored
And nurtured their charges. Sleek,
Stalwart sentinels, they dwarfed
Cannon of nearby ancient Moultrie
And old Sumter, and each could hurl
A steel ton for miles as nimblly as
A child skips rocks on a pond.

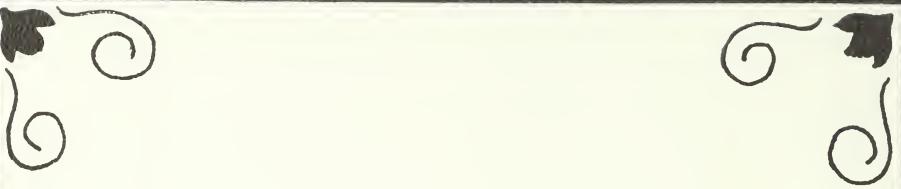


Invasion came finally--unsuspected--
From land, and they were captured, mute
And helpless Gullivers snared in webs
Of city-weary Lilliputs who overran
Them only to snuggle homes against
Sharp spines, atop sodded crowns and
Even within steel and concrete entrails
Of some.

These evolved into fangless, docile
Dragons. But others, less lucky,
Fell casualties to ocean air,
Searing summers, and aerosol assaults
From endless battalions of mindless
Urchins whose aluminized initials
And obscenities crowd insults onto
Bristling-decaying ramparts.

And these stand Forlorn as shorn
And subdued Samsons
Demeaned before the
Jeering mobs
Of Gaza.

Silas Garrison



SPRING, TIME, AND YOU

The flowers and trees
Are singing a breeze
And the crickets keep time with the tune.
The clock on the wall
Keeps rushing us all,
And the calendar soon will read June.
Yes, time slips away
Through a hole in the day
That I never can seem to patch up
As the flowers and trees
Keep singing a breeze
And laugh a I try to catch up.

Yes I've seen them smile,
And laugh all the while,
As I carry my cares quickly by.
And I wish that I could
Slow down, as I should,
'Cause it's no use rushing to die.
But the things that I do
Are all done for you
In hopes that they'll be worth a smile,
And soon all the trees
Will see you with me
And we'll stop and sing with them while.

Kip Mobley

As I stand in the pathway of my memory,
I can envision we two as individuals.
Two separate people struggling to be something
Or someone to each other.
I recall all our trials and tribulations
As lovers and all our joys and victories as friends.
I have come to realize that throughout life
People need people, as friends, parents, sisters and brothers
For companionship as well as the pure joy of people being people.
Throughout our lives we each shall have a purpose
Of that only God knows.
For He alone gives us our strength and our courage
Besides our wisdom to be what we are.
It is only He that can make our love complete.
Thank you for being my friend, for the joy that you have brought
me
And the many things that you have taught me
In the short time that we have known each other.

SRH

HOLLIS BROWN

By Monday, all of Pleasant Hills was in shock over the news of Hollis Brown and his family. They all knew Hollis and knew how bad his situation was. They all said it was a shame and that it could have happened to anyone.

But only Silas Reed knew the whole story. That night he couldn't sleep. He kept hearing his last words to Hollis Brown over and over. It was as if a black cloud of guilt had covered his soul. He began to cry and scream. Suddenly he thought he saw Hollis Brown.

"I didn't intend for. . ." It was gone, but it had never really been there.

"I didn't. . . I only wanted my money. He owed it to me, I had my rights."

He walked to his bureau drawer and pulled out his revolver. He raised it to his head with a shaky, terrified hand. He wanted more than he had ever wanted anything in his life, to die. But he just couldn't pull the trigger. He prayed for the day to come when he would be released from life. Fifty-two years later, his prayers were answered.

Hollis Brown lived in a three-room shanty. It had a tin roof and its thin walls were covered with tar paper shingles. His wife and his five children understood that he did all he could to provide for their every need. Even so, they rarely had enough to eat. Hollis didn't understand why life had been so hard and cruel to him for all of these twenty-eight years. As far as he could see, his only mistake had been being poor in a land of plenty.

And it was a beautiful land. As a child, Hollis had often viewed this land with eyes that caught everything at once. The land was rich and new and green and gold and brown. The earth felt cool under his bare feet; cool and moist and rich, a carpet fit for a king, - King Hollis. He reigned over the squirrels and rabbits, the birds, the trees-mostly pine and oak- and the deer. But his reign was cut short by the invading poverty. When he was ten he had to go to work full-time on his father's farm. From then on the land began to reign over him. Six years later Hollis married Mary Bridges, a city girl. In two more years he moved away on his own. The next year his first child was born. They named him Hollis, Jr. Four more children came, and Mary and Hollis were proud.

But as the years passed away and the poverty remained, the beauty of the land began to escape Hollis' eyes. More and more he saw only the cold, harsh face of travail set squarely in his path.

Hollis farmed a few meager acres, on a share-cropping basis, for Silas Reed. Now, at the age of fifty, Mr. Reed owned most of the land in and around Pleasant Hills, which wasn't surprising since he also owned

the bank and the building and loan company. The only rich man in town, one would never have known it from looking at him. His clothes were old and ragged. His house, though huge, was never lit by more than one lantern in a room and he never built a fire until mid-November.

Hollis picked up his hat as he walked towards the door.

"Where are you goin', honey?" asked Mary, though she already knew.

"Down to see Mr. Reed. I've got to get him to give me some time to pay. if he don't, I don't know what's gonna happen. He could throw us out and foreclose."

"Don't worry, honey. Everything will be all right. I've been praying about it."

She said this with more confidence than she actually had. She knew Silas Reed wasn't about to extend their credit.

"I don't know what time I'll be home."

With this, he walked away. He looked very, very old.

Hollis thought of Mister Silas Reed as he made his way through the fields to the highway. His clear blue eyes didn't even notice the starving cockleburrs that he was walking through. All he saw was Sila Reed. Hollis' thin handsome face had lost all its charm. It was drawn into a dark scowl as the letter his wife had read for him passed through his mind. His large, rough hands clenched in anger as he thought of that little ferret-face delighting in his misfortune.

The last few years had been hard for Hollis. The ground seemed to have a grudge against him, reluctant to yield its fruits to support him. Each year the harvest grew smaller and smaller still, until finally, when Silas Reed had taken his share, there was nothing left for his family. Now all of Hollis' hopes had been rested upon this year. The harvest had to improve, it just had to. Then, when the rain failed to come and the seeds shriveled within the soil and died, so died the hopes of Hollis Brown.

This year had brought the worst drought in Hollis' memory. His well had gone dry and his topsoil was blowing away. The land was deserting him, it seemed. Three months ago he's had to sell his mule for one-third of what it was worth so that he could buy some food for his family.

Back at home, Hollis' wife, Mary, was playing games, singing songs and trying to make the children forget their empty stomachs. Hollis Jr., nine years old, understood and tried to help his mother. He saw her weakness and her helpless frustration as she watched the slow, creeping viciousness with which starvation was consuming her babies. He tried to hush the hungry, pitiful cries of his baby brothers and sisters. He watched as his mother divided the last of the beans and cornbread five scrawny ways and put it in front of her children.

"Where's yours, Mommy?" he asked.

"I'll have mine later."

As Hollis walked along, unconscious of his surroundings, lost in tormenting thought of his family's suffering, he didn't even notice when he reached town. He thought of the letter that his wife had read for him.

"...You will please be kind enough to come to my office at 11:30 on Tuesday, May fifth, to make further arrangements for the payment of your rent."

Sincerely,
Silas Reed, Esq.

It made Hollis blood boil to think that he had to pay rent on a broken down shack and a few acres of worthless land to a wealthy little weasel when his family was starving. And besides, by rights, that land should be his. Hadn't he sweated blood trying to drag a crop out of it for the last ten years? Anyway Silas Reed knew full well that he didn't have any money to pay rent with. If he had he would have used it to buy food for his family.

These thoughts lingered in his mind as he knocked on the back door of the bank where Silas Reed had his office. Silas Reed was eating lunch.

"Well, Hollis, come in, come in!" said Silas Reed, through a mouthful of chicken and rice.

Hollis came in, and as he did he felt the angry blood rushing to his face. He felt about ready to explode.

"What did you want to see me 'bout, Mr. Reed?" Hollis was trying to stay calm.

"Just a little matter of business, Hollis. When are you gonna pay me my money? It's been due two weeks now, you know."

"Well sir, I really can't say. I ain't got no money an' I ain't got no crop. I ain't got nothin' but my family an' my life, an' I aim to keep them for myself."

"What are you gonna do 'bout it then, Hollis? I understand your situation, but you owe me money. Now I 'spect you'd better get me my money, else I'm gonna be forced to put you in jail. Then what's gonna become of your family?" He took the last bite of his rice and pushed his plate away. "I 'spect they'll starve to death, or worse, don't you, Hollis?"

Hollis didn't answer.

"Now you get me my money by Friday, or I'll have the sheriff after you. Good day, Hollis."

Hollis spent the rest of the day looking for work, any kind of work. There was none to be found. He tried to borrow money, but there was none to lend. Everywhere he went the answer was always the same.

"I wish I could help you out Hollis. I know what you're going through and you're a friend of mine, but times are hard an' I just can't afford it right yet. I'm sorry, Hollis."

Hollis spent the next three days in hopeless depression. His children's cries of hunger, rising up from their empty stomachs, began to claw and tear at his brain. Each sound sent a new chill ripping up his spine. His wife, though she tried very hard, couldn't conceal her hunger either. Her starving eyes kept searing into Hollis' soul until he was at the breaking point. By Friday, he was a broken, frightened, defeated shell of manhood. That morning Mary failed to get out of bed.

"Honey, are you sick?" Hollis asked, knowing she was.

"No, I'm just so tired. I need to rest a little longer."

"Fine. You rest and I'll take care of the children."

Having no food to prepare, there wasn't much to do except try to hush their cries with some sort of reassurance.

"Daddy, I'm so hungry. When will we eat?"

"Soon, child, soon."

"Where's Mommy?"

"She's not feeling too well today, but she'll be up in a while."

"Why don't you go and kill a rabbit or something, Daddy?" asked Hollis Jr. "Then we could eat."

"Ain't no rabbits 'bout, son. The drought run 'em off."

The cries and questions began to come too fast for Hollis' worn nerves to handle. He knew that today was the deadline. The guilt of knowing he was powerless to do anything for this family began to devour him again. With him they were dying; without him they were as good as dead. He would go to prison and they would die a slow, hungry death.

"Daddy, Jennie says we're gonna starve to death. You ain't gonna let us starve to death, are you Daddy?" asked Hollis Jr.

"No son, I ain't gonna let you starve." With that he resolved to do something, though he didn't know what. His mind was a jumbled blur. Suddenly his eyes were fixed on the cold blue gleam of the shotgun on the wall. As he realized what he must do, a cold, cold chill caressed his body. Perspiration broke out on his forehead. His palms were clammy.

"Children, y'all go into the bedroom with your mother."

A few minutes later seven shots rang out, raping the crisp silence of the cool May morning.

"A Face That Stands Out"

When she was down and problems arose
Her eyes filled with tears of care and concern
They begin to run free,
Like rivers that had been dammed up,
Then being let free to continue its flow.
A sparkle filled the pupil of her eyes,
As bright as the stars,
Shining from the heavens above.
Her lips are fixed to express her feelings,
Like a baby bird waiting to be fed.
But the words to be expressed cannot
be defined.
When the sound of the cry
Has been made to come out,
Then she began to wipe her tears away,
Knowing, they would not stop coming.
When it is all over,
She is able to see clearly
What is to be and what is not to be.

Jerry Minter

“Satan’s Song”

Scream again, my new arrival
Kick and yell and cry.
Your pleas for God are just too late,
The moment that you die.

Your friends? They’re here, just listen close,
I’m sure you’ll hear their cries.
Down here you’ll find that no one’s brave,
The moment that he dies.

Now, now my friend, wipe dry your tears,
It really isn’t bad.
It’s only worse than a milion times
The greatest pain you’ve had.

Believe it now, my prisoner?
You’re just a little late.
For now your eyes will never see
The shine of heaven’s gate.

How nice of you to join me here,
It’s really good to see
You weeping here and gnashing there,
From all your misery.

Remember when you heard the word
Of Jesus Christ the King?
It must be sad to think of when
It didn’t mean a thing.
Laugh with me, scum, I’ve won again!
I really do play well.
But for a prize I’ll give to you
Your membership to hell.

You fool! So easy was escape,
So simple was the plan.
Created by Almighty God
And then brought down to man.

My tricks have landed one more soul
Into this pit of pain.
And from the moment he arrives
He’ll never be the same.

But leave me now, I must be off
My work is never done.
A new arrival’s at my gate;
Another soul I’ve won.

Jesse V. Wilson

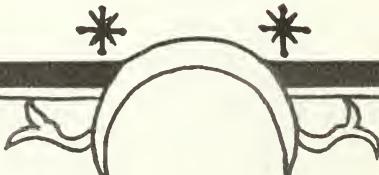
"If Love was Meant to be for You and Me"

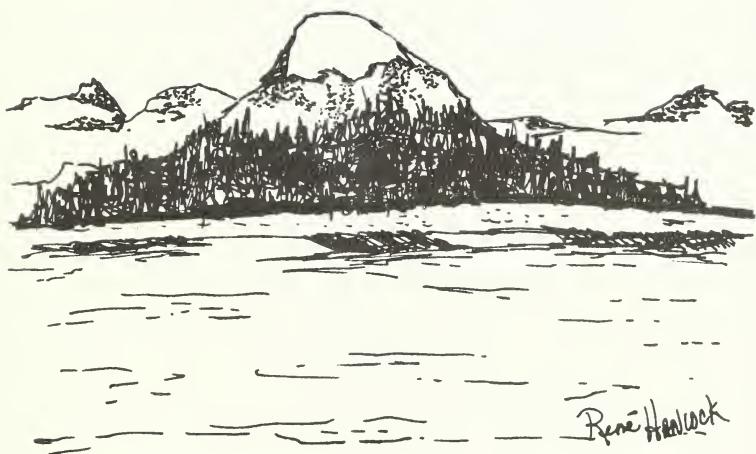
If love was meant to be for you and me
The sun would rise
The birds would sing and the wind would
blow mild.

If Love was meant to be for you and me
The waters of the ocean's and the sea's
would not stand still.
The world would know of it.
We could reach that mountain top
that we have always wanted to reach
together.

A place where the sun rises
A place where the birds sing and the
wind blows mild.
A place where the oceans and seas run
free.
A place where people would know of our
Love.
If Love was meant to be.

Jerry Minter





"The source of tranquility is, of course, God. To obtain it however, there must be sacrifice."

W.H. McCabe



To a Kabul Schoolgirl Dying Young

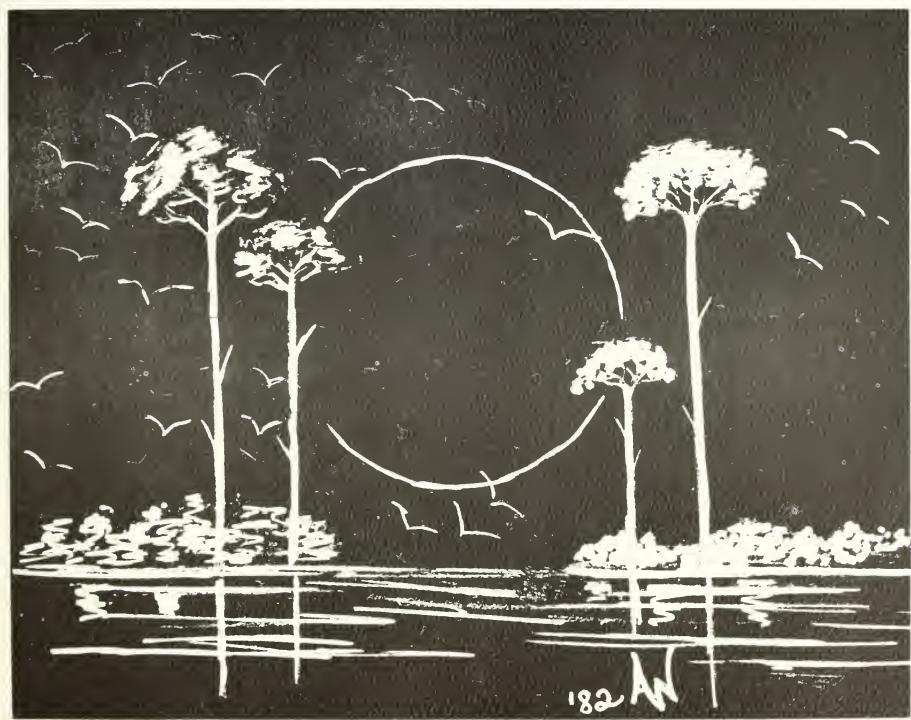
The time you lost your town and face
They jeered you through the Moscow race;
Commissar and Cossack stood jeering by
As scabs ran on with head held high.

Today, by mourners moving slow
You leave the mosque with head held low,
Still at last beneath Red rule,
Schoolgirl of a lower school.

Frail lass, stood up and then cut down
When Ivan called at Kabul town,
Ardent his date with freedom to keep
With hammer stroke and sickle sweep.

Bright eyes crack marksmen have put out
Will never see an Olympic bout,
Nor medals for the quick and the dead--
The gold, the silver, bronze. . . and lead.

Jim Rivers



CHARLESTON SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY



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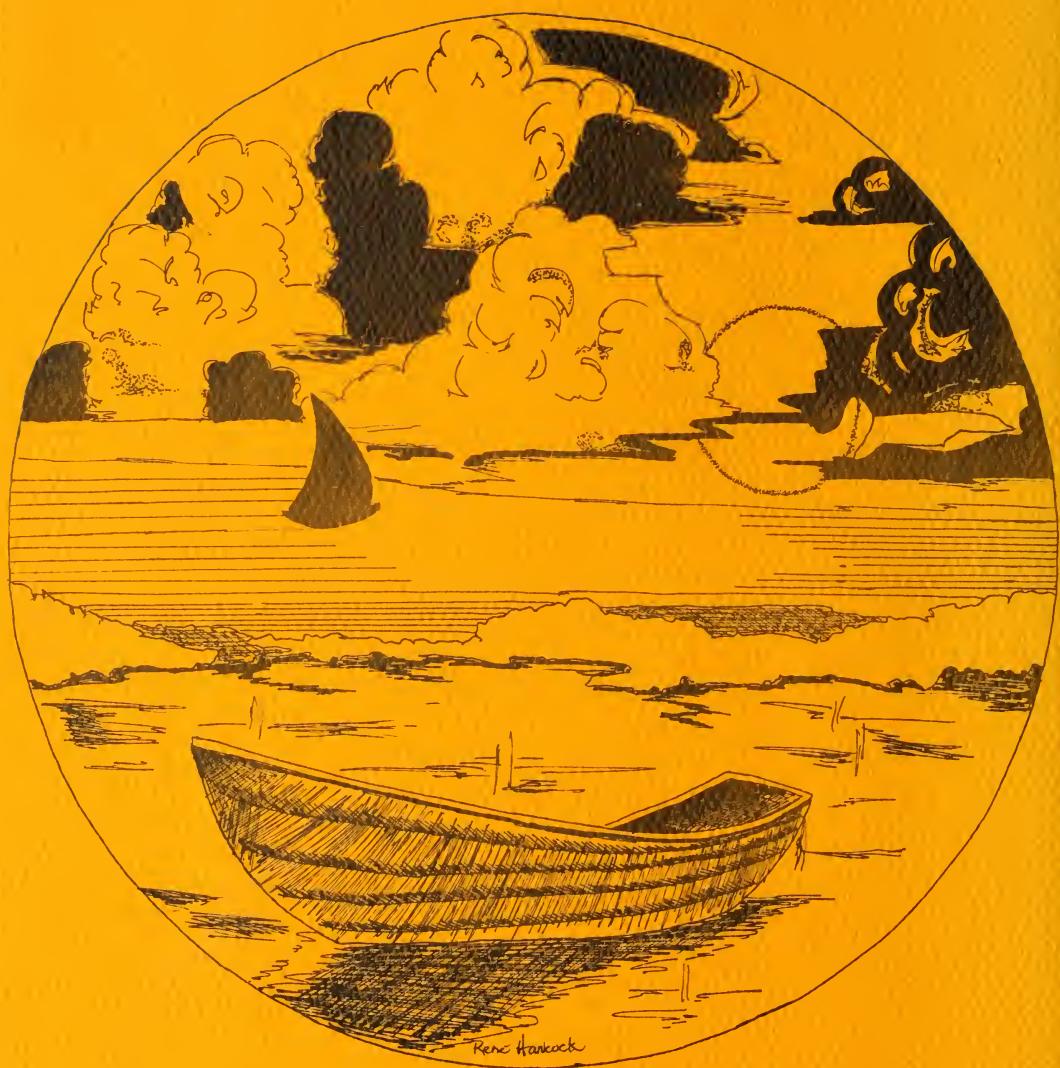
than
care

Permanent
Reserve

to give
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DEMON



Rene Hancock